

HUSBANDS

Recommend and Use
Pe-ru-na.

WIVES

Keep Pe-ru-na in the House and Use
It as a Family Medicine.

DAUGHTERS

Find Pe-ru-na an Invaluable Friend
in Every Time of Need.

SONS

EVERYWHERE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SPOKEN PE-RU-NA IS USED
BY MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE FOR ALL CATARRHAL DISEASES.Catarrh Destroys More Lives Every
Year Than All Epidemics
Combined.

MISS N. NIEMANN.

MISS NETTIE NIEMANN, White Mount, W. Va., writes: "The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: I have been afflicted since childhood with a most unpleasant catarrh of the head. Nothing I did seemed to cure me and when I caught a cold my troubles increased. While visiting a friend I learned the real value of Peruna. I had often heard it praised, but never paid serious attention to it. My friend, however, had been cured of catarrh by Peruna and I decided to use it faithfully

and await results. I am glad to say that my greatest expectations were realized and I was surprised to find how readily I was cured and how speedily. Within a month all the catarrh was out of my system and I have not been troubled a particle since I do recommend Peruna for catarrh."—Miss Nettie Niemann.

Miss Elizabeth Uber, No. 57 Bassett St., Albany, N. Y., writes: "I have always dreaded untimely weather because of my extreme liability to catch cold, when a catarrhal trouble would quickly develop through my entire system, which it would take weeks to drive away. I am thankful to say that since I have taken Peruna I do

not have any reason to dread this any more. If I have been at all exposed to the damp, wet or cold weather, I take a dose or two of Peruna, and it throws out any hint of sickness from my system."—Miss Elizabeth Uber.

Miss Geneva Parker, an actress of New York City, in a letter from 114 E. 25th St., New York City, says: "Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—'I have suffered for years with catarrh of the stomach—especially after a season's travel. Your valuable Peruna was recommended to me this spring by a professional friend and after three months of its use I am happy to say I am a well woman. Highest praise to Peruna.'—Miss Geneva Parker.

Peruna cures all such cases of dyspepsia, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. The reason so many cases of dyspepsia suffer on and on without any relief, trying this medicine and that medicine, is that these conditions are not recognized as catarrh of the stomach.

Any one suffering from dyspepsia, having tried the ordinary remedies without relief, would be safe to assume that their case is one of catarrh of the stomach, and should at once begin a course of Peruna. Peruna is sure to cure these cases. It never fails.



MISS DELLA JANVEAU.

Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says: "Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but I friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system."—Miss Della Janveau.

ALL DAINTY WOMEN
DREAD CHRONIC CATARRH.Hacking, Spitting, Coughing,
Sneezing Cured by
Pe-ru-na.

Miss Hertha Munn, 98 Atlantic St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "I tried catarrh remedies, some of which guaranteed a cure or money refunded, and have taken as high as eight bottles of some without any material benefit. I had made up my mind that all were worthless, so I took a great deal of persuasion to get me to try Peruna. But I bless the friend who persuaded me, as I had not taken one bottle before my head and throat began to clear up, and the hacking and spitting soon ceased, and when four bottles had been used there was not a trace of catarrh in my body. It is a great relief to be clear of it."—Miss Hertha Munn.

Catarrh Sixteen Years. Mrs. Elizabeth Schlegel, Monticello, Colo., writes: "For sixteen years I suffered with catarrh and stomach trouble. I doctored and took patent medicines without benefit. I read in one of your almanacs about Peruna and thought it would perhaps help me. I have used Peruna for about two years, and my health could not be better than I now enjoy. This remedy is also good for coughs and colds. I shall never be without it in my house."

DON'T NEGLECT COLDS;
COLDS ARE DANGEROUS.A Case Where a Common Cold
Deranged the Whole
System.

Mrs. M. J. Brink, No. 820 Michigan Ave., St. Joseph, Mich., writes: "This past winter during the wet and cold weather I caught a sudden and severe cold, which developed a catarrhal condition through my entire system, and so affected my general health that I was completely broken down and became nervous and hysterical and unfit to supervise my home. My physician prescribed for me, but somehow his medicine did me no good. Reading of Peruna I decided to try it. After I had taken but three bottles I found myself in fine health."—Mrs. M. J. Brink.

Peruna is not simply a palliative, to relieve some of the most distressing symptoms of catarrh. It is a permanent and radical cure. A multitude of women are praising it every day.

HEADACHE, BACKACHE,
PE-RU-NA CURES."I Am Perfectly Well," Says
Mrs. Martin, of Brooklyn.
"Pe-ru-na Cured Me."

Mrs. Anna Martin, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna did so much for me that I feel it my duty to recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted. About a year ago my health was completely broken down, had backache, dizziness and irregularities, and life seemed dark indeed. We had used Peruna in our home as a tonic and for colds and catarrh and I decided to try it for my trouble. In less than three months I became regular, my pains had entirely disappeared, and I am now perfectly well."—Mrs. Anna Martin.

It is no longer a question as to whether Peruna can be relied on to cure all such cases. During the many years in which Peruna has been put to test in all forms and stages of acute and chronic catarrh, no one test has put this remedy to greater test than the past year. Peruna is the acknowledged catarrh remedy of the age. Dr. Hartman, the compounder of Peruna, has written a book on the phases of catarrh peculiar to women, entitled "Health and Beauty." It will be sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

PROMINENT PEOPLE
CURED OF CATARRH.Would These Two Cures Be
Made If Some Remedy Had
Been Substituted for Pe-ru-na.

Attorney D. Young, Counselor of Aurora Lodge, No. 68, of the Mystic Workers of the World, writes from 103 South Broadway, Aurora, Ill., as follows: "I suffered with catarrh for eight years before I found anything that would help me. I have wasted hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, and never found any until I read what Peruna claimed to do for catarrh. A few bottles cured me completely; it not only cured my catarrh, but invigorated my whole system until to-day I feel ten years younger and in complete and perfect health—in fact, a new man, thanks to Peruna."—Delancy Young.

Hon. W. S. Lane, Ordinary (Probate Judge) for Wilkes county, Ga., writes from Washington, Ga., the following letter: "The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—This is to certify that I have used two and one-half bottles of Peruna for a very bad case of catarrh, and am happy to say to you that I have been entirely cured and gladly recommend Peruna to any one suffering from catarrh in any form. I have also used it in my family with satisfactory results both as a tonic and remedy for catarrh."—W. S. Lane.

MANY HAVE CATARRH
WHO DON'T SUSPECT IT.Peruna Is a Tonic That Cleanses
the System of All Catarrh.

Dispersed nerves are directly traceable to poor digestion, and poor digestion is directly traceable to catarrh. With the slightest catarrh of the stomach no one can have good digestion.

Very few of the many women who have catarrh of the stomach suspect what their real trouble is. They know they feel better after meals, have sour stomach, a sensation of weight or heaviness, fullness, irregular appetite, drowsiness, gnawing, empty sensations, occasional pain—they all know this; but they do not know that their trouble is catarrh of the stomach. If they did they would take Peruna.

A GEORGIA CONGRESSMAN
ENDORSES PE-RU-NA.One of Over Fifty Members of
Congress Who Praise
Pe-ru-na.

Col. L. I. Livingston, member of the Industrial Commission and the leading Democrat in the House of Representatives, writes from Atlanta, Ga., the following in regard to Peruna, the catarrh cure: "Col. Livingston says: 'I take pleasure in joining with General Wheeler, Congressman Brewer and others in recommending Peruna as an excellent tonic for men, except perhaps overgrown men of prominence than any other proprietary medicine.'"

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Peruna is not a guess nor an experiment—it is an absolute scientific certainty. Peruna has no substitutes—no rivals. Insist upon having Peruna.

FEW WOMEN FREE
FROM PELVIC CATARRH.Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs Is
the Bane of the Female
Sex.

Mrs. Florence Atkins, 923 Forsythe St., Toledo, O., writes: "I am today cured of that dreadful disease, I wrote to you about, when I asked your advice. I at once began taking Peruna and Manalin and have just finished the fifth bottle. It has cured me of leucorrhoea. I had the trouble for nine months and had given up hope of ever being strong again. I cannot tell how happy I feel, but you will know. I never heard of such medicine. It is the only medicine on earth. I will always keep Peruna in my house."

"I cannot find anything to talk about from morning till night but Peruna. I was a sick woman when I first wrote you. I have a bright, clear color now, and I am altogether a well woman."

"Peruna is the best friend I ever had on this earth—it must be praised—it cured me."—Mrs. Florence Atkins.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

THE RUSSIANS AS I KNOW THEM.

By JEROME K. JEROME.

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THOUGHT to like Russia better than I do, many good friends of mine are proud to possess amongst the Russians. A large square photograph I keep always on my mantelpiece. It helps me to maintain my head at that degree of distention necessary for the performance of all literary work. It is placed in the center of a neatly written address in excellent English, that I frankly confess I am never tired of reading, around which are ranged some hundreds of names I am quite unable to read; but which, in spite of the strange lettering, I know of all literary writers of Russia, men and women, to whom, a year or two ago, the kindly idea occurred to send me a Christmas card, this message of encouragement. The individual Russian is one of the most charming creatures living. If he like you he does not hesitate to let you know it, and only by every kindly action possible, but, by what perhaps is just as useful in this gray old world, by kindly speech. We Anglo-Saxons are apt to pride ourselves upon being underestimators. Max Adler (telling me of a boy who was sent out by his father to fetch in some wood. The boy took the opportunity of disappearing and did not show his face again beneath the paternal roof for over twenty years. Then, one evening, a smiling, well-dressed stranger entered to the old couple, and announced himself as the missing son. "Well, you haven't hurried yourself," grumbled the old man, "and blame me, if now you haven't forgotten the wood!" I was lunching with an Englishman in a London restaurant one day. A man sat next to his seat, and I noticed him, and he glanced round, and meeting my friend's eyes, smiled and nodded. "Excuse me a minute," said my friend, "I must just speak to my brother—haven't seen him for over five years." He finished his soup and leisurely wiped his mouth and shaking before, strolling for a while, then my friend returned to me. "Never thought to see you again," observed my friend, "he was one of the garrison at that place in Africa—what's the name of it?—that the Mahdi attacked. Always was a thorn in the side of the British. 'Oh, that's all right,' he answered, 'two have just fixed it up—shall be dining with him to-morrow.'"

broke over the other's head. His opponent chose for his weapon a heavy mahogany chair, and leaning back for the purpose of securing a good swing, lunched against my hostess. "Do please be careful," said the lady. "A thousand pardons, madam," returned the stranger, from whom blood and water were streaming in equal copiousness; and taking the utmost care to avoid interfering with our comfort, he succeeded admirably in flooring his antagonist by a well directed blow. A policeman appeared upon the scene with marvelous promptitude. He did not attempt to interfere, but, running out into the street, communicated the glad tidings to another policeman. "That's going to cost them a pretty penny," observed my host, who was calmly continuing his supper. "Why couldn't they wait?" It did cost them a pretty penny. Some half a dozen policemen were round about before a few minutes had elapsed and each one claimed his bribe. Then they wished both combatants good-night and trooped off, evidently in great good

one is quite alone," he laughed. "But surely you can trust her," I said. "It is safer to trust no one," he answered. And then he continued from the point where he had been interrupted. "It is gathering," he said; "there are times when I almost smell blood in the air. I am an old man and may escape it, but my children will have to suffer—suffer as children must do for the sins of their fathers. We have made brute beasts of the people, and as brute beasts they will come upon us, cruel and indiscriminating; right and wrong indifferently going down before them. But it has to be. It is needed." The future history of Russia will be history of the French Revolution over again, but with this difference: that the educated classes, the thinkers, who are pushing forward the dumb masses, will be doing so with their eyes open. There will be no Mirabeau, no Danton to be appalled at the people's ingratitude. The men who to-day are working for revolution in Russia number among their ranks statesmen, soldiers, delicately-nurtured

and a hush, like a chill breath, enters by the closed door and passes through. It is a curious song, like the wailing of a wild wind, and on one day it will sweep over the land heralding terror.

SCOTCHMAN I met in Russia told me that when he first came out to act as manager of a large factory just outside St. Petersburg, belonging to his Scottish employers, he unwittingly made a mistake the first week when paying his workpeople. By a miscalculation of the Russian money he paid some three hundred men each one nearly a rouble short. He discovered his error before the following Saturday and then put the matter right. The men accepted his explanation with perfect composure and without any comment whatever. The thing astonished him. "But you must have known I was paying you short," he said to one of them. "Why didn't you tell me of it?" "Oh," answered the man, "we thought you were putting it in

ment was boundless. Visions of Siberia crossed his mind. Anxious and trembling I gave the first one a gold piece. He shook me warmly by the hand. I thought he was going to kiss me. If I had offered him my cheek I am sure he would have done so. With the next one I felt less apprehensive. For a corner of roubles he blessed me so, I gathered; and commending me to the care of the Almighty, departed. Before I had reached the German frontier I was giving away the equivalent of English shillings to men with the bearing and carriage of major-generals; and to see their faces brighten up and to receive their heart-felt benedictions was well worth the money.

UT to the man without roubles in his pocket Russian officialdom is not so gracious. By the expenditure of a few more coins I got my dog through the customs without trouble, and had leisure to look about me. A miserable object

Petersburg. They say such things are done with now, but up till very recently there existed a small cell therein, below the level of the ice, and prisoners placed there would be found missing a day or two afterward, nothing ever again known of them, except perhaps to the fishes of the Baltic. They talk of all these things among themselves, the sleigh-drivers round their charcoal fire; the field-workers going and coming through the gray light; the factory-workers, their whistles deadened by the rattle of the looms.

WAS searching for a house in Brussels two winters ago, and there was one I went over in a small street leading out of the Avenue Louise. It was poorly furnished, but rich in pictures (large and small). They covered the walls of every room. These, I landlady an elderly, haggard-looking woman—explained to me, "will not be left, I am taking them with me to London. They are my husband's. He is arranging an exhibition." The

Neva with its age and influenza bestowing, fog and mists one imagines that the devil himself must have guided Peter the Great. "I have found you something the most hopelessly unattractive site on which to build a city," Peter must have prayed; and the devil having discovered the site on which St. Petersburg now stands, must have returned to his master in high good feather. "I think, my dear Peter, I have found you something really unique. It is a pestilential swamp to which a mighty river brings bitter blasts and marrow-chilling fogs. In the brief summer-time the wind will bring you sand. In this way you will combine the disadvantages of the North Pole with those of the desert of Sahara." In the winter time the Russians light their great stoves and doubly barricade their doors and windows; and in this atmosphere, like that of a greenhouse, many of their women will pass six months, never venturing out of doors. Every man goes out at intervals. Every office every shop is an oven. Men of forty have white hair and parchment faces, and the women are old at thirty. The farm laborers during the few summer months work almost entirely without sleep. They leave their beds in the winter when they shiver themselves up like dormice in their hovels, their store of food and vodka buried underneath the floor. For days together they sleep, then wake and dig, then sleep again. So it is even with their betters. The Russian party lasts all night. In an adjoining room are beds and couches; half a dozen guests are always sleeping. An hour contents them, then they rejoin the company and other guests take their places. The Russian eats when he feels so disposed; the table is always spread, the guests come and go. Once a year there is a great feast in Moscow. The Russian merchant and his friends sit down early in the day and a sort of thick sweet pancake is served up hot. The feast continues for many hours, and the ambition of the Russian merchant is to eat more than his neighbor. Fifty or sixty of these hot cakes a man will consume at a sitting, and a dozen funerals in Moscow is often the result. An uncivilized people, we call them in our lordly way, but they are young. They will see us out, I am inclined to think. Their energy, their intelligence—when these show above the groundwork and their animalism—are monstrous. I have known a Russian learn Chinese within six months. English! they learn it while they are talking to them. The children play at chess and study the violin for their own amusement. "The world will be glad of Russia"—when she has put her house in order.

JEROME K. JEROME.



Russian fervent greeting. "For a couple of roubles he blessed me so." "I tipped the station master." "It is safer to trust no one."

THOUGHT of this scene one evening while dining with some Russian friends in a St. Petersburg hotel. One of the party had not seen his second cousin, a mining engineer, for eighteen months. They sat opposite to one another, and a dozen times at least during the course of the dinner one of them would jump up from his chair and run round to embrace the other. They would throw their arms about one another, kissing one another on both cheeks, and then sit down again with moist eyes. Their behavior among their fellow countrymen excited no astonishment whatever. The Russian's anger is just as quick and vehement as his love. I was supping one evening with friends in the chief restaurant on the Nevsky. Two gentlemen at an adjoining table, who up till the previous moment had been engaged in amicable conversation, suddenly sprang to their feet and "went for" one another. One man secured the water bottle, which he promptly

humor; and the two gentlemen with wet napkins round their heads sat down again and laughter and amicable conversation flowed freely as before.

HEY strike the stranger as a child-like people, but you are possessed with a haunting sense of ugly traits beneath. The workers—slaves. It would be almost more just to call them—allow themselves to be driven with the uncompromising patience of intelligent animals. Yet every educated Russian you talk to on the subject knows that revolution is coming. But he talks to you about it with the door shut, for no man in Russia can be sure that his own servants are not police spies. I was discussing the question with a Russian official one evening in his study when his old housekeeper entered the room, a soft-eyed gray-haired woman who had been in his service over eight years, and whose position in the household was almost that of a friend. He stopped abruptly and changed the conversation. So soon as the door was closed behind her again, he explained himself. "It is better to chat upon such matters when

women, rich landowners, prosperous tradesmen, students familiar with the lessons of history. They have no misconceptions concerning the blind Frankenstein into which they are breathing life. He will crush them, they know it, but with them he will crush the injustice and stupidity they have grown to hate better than they love themselves. The Russian peasant, when he rises, will prove more terrible, more pitiless than were the men of 1793. He is less intelligent, more brutal. They sing a wild sad song, those Russian cattle, the while they work. They sing it in chorus on the quays while hauling the cargo, they sing it in the factory, they chant it on the weary endless steps, reaping the corn, they tippled the guard and started, pleased with myself. But I had not anticipated what was in store for me. The news that an Englishman with a dog in a basket and roubles in his pocket was coming must have been telegraphed all down the line. At almost every stopping-place, some enormous official, generally wearing a sword and a helmet, followed the train. At first these fellows terrified me. I took them for field-marshal, at least. When they saw the dog their astonish-

ment was boundless. Visions of Siberia crossed his mind. Anxious and trembling I gave the first one a gold piece. He shook me warmly by the hand. I thought he was going to kiss me. If I had offered him my cheek I am sure he would have done so. With the next one I felt less apprehensive. For a corner of roubles he blessed me so, I gathered; and commending me to the care of the Almighty, departed. Before I had reached the German frontier I was giving away the equivalent of English shillings to men with the bearing and carriage of major-generals; and to see their faces brighten up and to receive their heart-felt benedictions was well worth the money.

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friend, who had sent me, had told me the woman was a widow who had been living in Brussels eking out a precarious existence as a lodging-house keeper for the last ten years. "You have married again?" I questioned her. The woman smiled. "Not again. I was married eighteen years ago, in Russia. My husband was transported to Siberia a few days after we were married and I have never seen him since. I should have followed him," she explained. "Only every year we thought he was going to be set free." "He is really free now?" I asked. "Yes," she answered, "they set him free last week. He will join me in London. We shall be able to finish our honeymoon," she added with another smile. I read in the English papers of the Exhibition in London. It was said the artist showed much promise and possibly a career may be opening up for him.

It is a fascinating subject, Russia. But for a wholesome fear of my editor, I feel I could ramble on for columns. Nature has made life hard there for rich and poor alike. To the banks of the

Woodward & Son,
Lumber
Hardwoods, Mahogany
White Pine, Yellow Pine,
Rough and Dressed,
California Redwood
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